

THE XI
Pleasant History
OF
Thomas Hickathrift.



Printed for William Thackeray, and
Thomas Passmore.



THE

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THE



THE
Pleasant HISTORY
OF
Thomas Hic-ka-thrift:

His Birth and Parentage, and the true manner of his performing many Manly Acts, and how he Killed a Gyant.

Young Man, here thou mayest behold what Honour **Corn** came unto.

And if that thou dost buy this Book,
Be sure that thou dost in it look,
And read it o're, then thou wilt say,
Thy Money is not thrown away.

[In the Reigne before William the Conqueror, I have read in ancient Histories, that there dwelt a Man in the North the Isle of Ely, in the Country of Cambridge,

bridge, whose Name was Thomas Hickathrift, a good Man, and day labourer, yet he was a very stout Man, and able to perform two days work instead of one, he having one Son, and no more Children in the world, he called him by his own Name Thomas Hickathrift; this old Man put his Son to good Learning, but he would take none, for he was, as we call them now in this Age, none of the wisest sort, but something soft, and had no doctry at all in him: God calling this Old Man his Father out of the world, his Mother being tender of him, and maintained him by her hand Labour as well as she could: he being sloathful and not willing to work to get a penny for his living, but all his delight was to be in the Chimney-corner, and would eat as much at one time as might very well serve four or five ordinary men; for he was in length when he was but Ten years of age, about eight foot, and in Thickness five foot, and his hand was like unto a shoulder of Mutton, and in all parts from top to toe, he was like a Monster; and yet his great Strength was not known.

How *Tom Hic-ka-thrift's* Strength came to be known, the which if you please but to read, will give you full satisfaction.

The first time that his Strength was known, was by his Mothers going to a Rich Farmers House, (she being but a poor Woman) to desire a Bottle of Straw to shift her self and her Son Thomas: the Farmer being an honest Charitable Man, bid her take what she would: she going home to her Son Tom, said, I pray thee go to such a place and fetch me a Bottle of Straw, I have asked him leave: he swore a great Oath he would not go; nay, pray thee Tom go, said his old Mother, he swore again he would not go, unless she would borrow him a Cart-rope, she being willing to please him, because she would have some Straw, went and borrowed him a Cart-rope to his desire, he taking it went his way; so coming to the Farmers House, the Master was in the Barn, and two men a Threshing: said Tom, I am come for a Bottle of Straw: Tom, said the Master, take as much as thou canst carry: he laid down his Cart-rope, and began to make his

his Bottle; but, said they, Tom, thy rope is too short, and jeer'd poor Tom, but he fitted the man well for it, for he made his Bottle, and when he had made it, there was supposed to be a Load of Straw in it of two thousand weight; but, said they, what a great fool art thou? thou canst not carry the Cith on't; but Tom took the Bottle and slung it on his shoulder, and made no more of it then we do of an hundred weight. to the great admiration of Master and Men. Tom Hic-ka-thist's strength being known in the Town, then they would not let him any longer lye basking by the fire in the Chimney-corner, every one would be hiring him to work, they seeing him to have so much strength, told him that it was a shame for him to live such a lazy course of life, and to lye idle day after day as he did. So Tom seeing them bait at him in such a manner as they did, he went first to one work then to another, but at length came a Man to Tom, and desired him to go with him into the Wood, for he had a Tree to bring home, and he would content him. So Tom went with him, and he took with him four Men beside; but when they came to the Wood, they set the Cart by the

the Tree, and began to draw it up with Pullies, but Tom seeing them not able to lift it up, said, Stand away you Fools, and takes the Tree and sets it on one end, and lays it in the Cart, now, says he, see what a Man can do; Marry, it is true, said they: so when they had done, coming through the Wood they met the Woodman, Tom asked him for a stick to make his Mother a fire with; I, said the Woodman, take one what thou canst carry: so Tom espied a Tree bigger then was in the Cart, and lays it on his Shoulder, and goes home with it as fast as the Cart went and six Horses could draw it: This was the second time that Toms Strength was known: so when Tom began to know that he had more Strength then twenty Men had, he then began to be Merry with Men, and very tractable, and would run, o? Go, o? Jump; and took great delight to be amongst Company, and to go to fairs and Meetings, and to see Sports and Pastime: So going to a Feast, the Young Men were all met, some to Cudgels, some to Wrestling, some throwing the Hammer, and the like; So Tom stood a little to see their Sport, and at last goes to them that were

a throwing the Hammer, and standing a little by to behold their Man-like Sport, at last he takes the Hammer in his hand, to feel the weight of it, and bid them stand out of the way, for he would throw it as far as he could: I, said the Smith, and jeer'd poor Tom, you'll throw it a great way i'le warrant you: but Tom took the Hammer and flung it, and there was a River about five or six Furlongs off, and flung it into that: so when he had done he bid the Smith go fetch his Hammer again, and laught the Smith to scorn; but when Tom had done that, he would go to Wrestling, though he had no more skill than an Ass had, but what he did by Strength, yet he flung all that came, for if once he had laid hold they were gone: some he would throw over his head, some he would lay down slyly and how he pleased: he would not Lock nor strike at their Heels, but flung them two or three Yards from him, ready to break their Necks asunder: so that none at last durst go into the Ring to wrestle with him, for they took him to be some Devil that was come amongst them, so Toms fame was spread more in the Country.

How Tom came to be a Brewers Man, and how he came to kill a Gyant, and at last was Mr. Hickakrist.

Toms Fame being spread abroad in the Country, there was not a man durst give Tom an angry word, for he was something Fool-hardy, and he did not care what he did at them: so that those that knew him would not in the least displease him: But at length there was a Brewer at Lyn that wanted a good lusty Man to carry his Beer in the Marsh and to Wisbich; so hearing of Tom, went to hire him, but Tom seemed coy, and would not be his Man until his mother and friends did perswade him, and his master intreated him, and likewise promised him a new Suit of Cloaths, and Clothe him from top to Toe, and besides, he should Eat and Drink of the best; so Tom at last yielded to be his Man. and his Master told him how far he should go: for you are to understand, there was a monstrous Gyant which kept some part of the Marsh, and none durst go that way, for if they did, he would keep them, or kill them, or else he would make Bond-slaves of

of them. But to come to Tom and his Master, that he did more work in one day then all his Men would do in three: so that his Master seeing him so tractable, and to look so well after his business, made him his head Man to go into the Marsh to carry Beer by himself, for he needed no Man with him: so Tom went every day to Wisbich, which was a very great Journey, for it was twenty Miles the Road-way: Tom going so long that wearisome Journey, and finding that that way that the Spant kept was nearer by half: Tom having gotten more strength by half then before, by being so well kept, and drinking so much strong Ale as he did; one day he was going to Wisbich, and without saying any thing to his Master or to any of his Fellow-Servants, he was resolved to make the nearest way to be a Road, or loose his life: to win the Horse or loose the Saddle, to kill or be killed, if he met with the Spant: and with this resolution he goes the nearest way with his Cart, flinging open the Gates for his Cart and Horses to go through; but at last the Spant spying him, and seeing him to be so bold, thought to prevent him, and came intending

intending to take his Beer for a Prize ; but Tom cared not a Farth for him ; and the Spant he met Tom like a Tyon, as though he would have swallowed him : Sirrah, said he, who gave you Authority to come this way ? do you not know that I make all stand in fear of my sight, and you like a Rogue must come and swing my Gates open at your pleasure, how dare you presume to do this ? are you so careless of your Life ? do you not care what you do ? I'll make thee an example for all Rogues under the Sun, dost thou not see how many heads hang upon yonder Tree, that have offended my Law ? but thy Head shall hang higher than all the rest, for an Example ; but Tom made him answer, a Turd in your Teeth for your News, for you shall not find me to be like one of them. No, said the Spant, why thou art but a Fool, and thou come to fight with such a one as I am, and bring no Weapon to defend thyself withal ? said Tom, I have a Weapon here will make you to know you are a Traytozly Rogue : I, Sirrah, said the Spant, and took that word in high disdain, that Tom should call him Traytozly Rogue ; and with that he ran into his Cave

Cade to fetch his great Club, intending
 to dash out Toms brains at the first blow:
 Tom knew not what to do for a Weapon,
 for he knew his Whip would do him but
 little good against such a monstrous
 Beast as he was, for he was in length
 Twelve foot, and Six foot about the
 Waste: but while the Spant went for
 his Club, Tom bethought himself of a
 very good Weapon, for he makes no
 more ado, but takes his Cart and turns
 it upside down, and takes the Artle-tree
 and the Wheel for his Shield and Buck-
 ler, and very good Weapons they were
 in such time of need: The Spant coming
 out again, began to start at Tom, to see
 him take the Wheel in one hand, and the
 Artle-tree in the other to defend himself
 with; O, said the Spant, you are like
 to do great service with those Weapons,
 I have here a Twig, said the Spant,
 that will beat thee and thy Wheel, and
 Artle-tree at once unto the ground: that
 which the Spant called a Twig, was as
 thick as some Mill-Posts are, but Tom
 was not daunted for all that, for he saw
 there was but one way, to kill or be kill'd:
 so the Spant made at Tom with such a
 vehement force, that he made Tom's
 Wheel

Wheel crack again, and Tom lent the Spant another as good, for he took him such a weighty blow on the side of the head, that he made the Spant reel again; what, said Tom, are you drunk with my strong Beer already? the Spant recovering, laid on Tom most sad blows, but still as they came Tom kept them off with his Wheel, so that he had no hurt at all; Tom plyed his work so well, and laid such huge blows at the Spant, that the sweat and blood together, ran down his face, and being fat and foggy, and fighting so long, was almost tired out, asked Tom to let him drink a little, and then he would fight with him again; no, said Tom, my Mother did not teach me that wit, who's a fool then? Tom seeing the Spant begin to be weary, and finding him to fail in his blows, he thought best to make Hay while the Sun did shine, for he laid on so fast, as though he had been mad, till he had brought the Spant to the ground, the Spant seeing himself down, and Tom laying so hard on him, roared in a most sad condition, and prayed him not to take away his life, and he would do any thing for him, and yield himself to him, and be his Servant, but

Tom

Tom having no more mercy on him then
a Dog or a Bear, laid still at the Spant
till he had laid him for dead, and when he
had done he cut off his head, and went
into his Cave; and there he found great
store of Silver and Gold, which made his
heart to leap: but when he had done, he
loaded his Cart and went to Wisbich, and
delivered his Beer, and coming home
to his Master, he told it to him, but his
Master was so overjoy'd at the News,
that he would not believe him till he had
seen, and getting up the next day, he
and his Master went to see if he spoke
true or no, and most of the Town of Lyn;
but when they came to the place and
found the Spant dead, he shewed them
where the Head was, and what Silver
and Gold there was in the Cave, all of
them leapt for joy, for the Spant was a
great Enemy to all the Country; this
News was spread all up and down in
the Country, how Tom Hic-ka-thrift had
kill'd the Spant, and well was he that
could run or go to see the Spant and the
Cave, then all the folks made Bonfires
for joy, and Tom was a better Man re-
spected then before; and Tom took pos-
session of the Cave by consent of the
Country,

Country, and every one said that he did de-
 serve twice as much more; so Tom pulled
 down the Cake and built him a better house
 where the Cake stood; all the Ground that
 the Count kept by force and strength, some
 he gave to the Poor; for their Common,
 and the rest he made Pasture of; and di-
 vided the most part into good Ground, to
 maintain him and his Old Mother Jane
 the better; and Tom's family was spread
 out far and near throughout the Country,
 and that it was no longer Tom but Mr.
 the better; so that he was the best
 man amongst them, for the People loved
 Tom's ways as much as they did the
 old ways; so Tom he kept his land
 and used most humbly; and he made
 him to keep Deer in; and his
 house, which is a Town, he built a pa-
 rish Church; and gave it the Name of
 Saint James's Church; and he lived
 the Space of that day, which is to be
 told; and that will be: and many more
 good deeds he did; which is too tedious
 to write in this Volume, but to tell the
 what I shall do my endeavour: as may
 be seen in the next page.

How Tom kept a Pack of Hounds, and
 kicke a Foot-ball quite away; and how
 he had like to have been Robbed by
 four Thieves, and how he escaped.

TOM having so much about him, and
 used to it, could hardly tell how to
 dispose of it, but yet he did use a means
 to do it, for he kept a pack of Hounds, and
 went to Hunt with them, and who but
 Tom then; so he took such delight in Sport,
 that he would go far and near to any Sport-
 ings, as Cudgel-play, Horse-baiting, Foot-
 ball-play, and the like: But as Tom was
 riding one day, he seeing a Company at
 foot-ball-play, he lighted off his Horse to
 see that rare Sport, for they were playing
 for a wager. But Tom was a stran-
 ger and none did know him there, but Tom
 soon spoiled their Sport, for he meeting
 the foot-ball, took it such a kick, that they
 never found their Ball no more; they could
 see it flye, but whether none could tell, nor
 to what place: they all wondered at it, and
 began to Quarrel with Tom, but some of
 them got nothing by it, for Tom gets a
 great Spar which belonged to a House that
 was

was blown down, and all that stood in
his way, he either killed or knocked down,
so that all the Country was up in Arms
to take Tom, but all in vain, for he man-
fully made way where ever he came; so
when he was gone from them, and was
going homeward, he chanced to be some-
what late in the Evening on the Road,
there met him four lusty Rogues, that had
been Robbing of Passengers that way, and
none could escape them, for they Robbed all
they met both Rich and Poor: they thought
when they met Tom they should get a Prize,
they perceiving he was alone, made them
Tock-lure of his Money, but they were
mistaken, for he got a Prize by them:
when they met with Tom, they straight
bid him Stand and Deliver: What, said
Tom, what should I deliver? Your Mo-
ney Sirrah, said they: But, said Tom,
you shall give me better Words for it first,
and be better Armed too: Come, come,
said they, we do not come hither to prate,
but we come for Money, and Money we will
have before you stir from this place: I,
said Tom, is it so? Nay then, said he, get
it and take it: So one of them made at
him, but he presently unarmed him, and took

along his Sword, which was made of good
 sturdy Steel, and smote so hard at the other,
 that they began to set Spurs to their Horses
 and be gone, but he soon stayed the four
 of them, one of them having a Horse-mantle be-
 hind him, Tom perceiving it to be Money,
 fought with more Courage then he did be-
 fore, till at the last he had killed two of the
 four, and the other two he wounded most
 grievously, that they craved for Quarter, so
 with much intreating, he gave them Quar-
 ter, but he took all their Money, which was
 two hundred pound, to bear their Charges
 home: So when Tom came home, he told
 them how he had served the foot-ball players,
 and the four Thieves, which caused a laugh
 from his old Mother, and to refresh him,
 went to see how all things did, and what his
 Men had done since he went from home, and
 going to the Forrest, he wandered up and down,
 and at last met with a ludy Tinker, that
 had a good Staff on his Shoulder, and a
 great Dog to carry his Bag and Tools:
 So Tom asked the Tinker from whence he
 came, and whether he was going, for that
 was no High-way: But the Tinker being
 a sturdy fellow, bid him go look, and what
 was that to him, but fools must be meddling:

No,

No, says Tom, but i'll make you know before you and I part, it is to me : I, says the Tinker, I have been these three long years, and have not had one Combat with any Man ; I have Challenged many a Man, but none durst make me answer ; I think, said he, they be all Cowards in this Country ; but I hear there is a Man in this Country which is called Tom the-kathie, that killed a Gyant, him would I fain see, said the Tinker, to have one Combat with him : I, said Tom, but methinks, said he, it might be Master with you, I am the Man, said he, what have you to say to me ? Why verily, said the Tinker, I am glad we are so happily met together, that we may have one single touch : Sure, said Tom, you do but jest : Marry, said the Tinker, I am in earnest : A match, said Tom ; 'Tis done, said the Tinker : But, said Tom, will you give me leave to get me a Twig ? I, said the Tinker, hang him that will Fight with a Man unarmed, I scorn that : So Tom steps to a Gate and takes one of the Rails for his Staff, so to it they fell, the Tinker at Tom, and Tom at the Tinker, like two Gyants they laid on at each other : The Tinker had a Leathern Coat, and every blow

blow Tom gave the Tinker, his Coat roar'd again, yet the Tinker did not give way to Tom an inch: but Tom gave the Tinker a blow on the side of the head, which fell the Tinker: Now Tinker, where are you, said Tom? But the Tinker being a nimble fellow, leapt up again and gave Tom a blow made him Keel again, and follow'd his blows, and took Tom on the other side, which made Toms Neck crack again. So Tom flung down his Weapon and yielded the Tinker the better on's, and took him home to his house, where I shall leave Tom and the Tinker till they be recovered of their sad Wounds and Bruises.

FINIS.



